

kind of place are now out of date, or visited merely by English. The establishment consists of a mansion which covers nearly an acre of ground and which was formerly a palace of Nassau. It contains upwards of 230 rooms, besides 80 baths, which are similar to those at Aix. The lodgings are a concern of the Prince, and on each door the price of the bed, &c., is affixed. Over this department a *maitre d'hotel* appointed by the Prince presides. The rest of the establishment is perfectly separate, and is constructed by a restaurateur at his own risk. There is a Saloon of an immense length and magnificently furnished, at which there is a *table d'hôte* every day at 1, all other meals and refreshments independent in different parts of the Saloon. Opposite to the mansion are beautiful gardens running by the side of the river Lahn.

Such is a slight sketch of Ems, a most singular, indeed, an unique spot. A watering place without shops and without houses; the very Castle of Indolence. Above all, its situation is, perhaps, one of the most magical in the world, this in a small valley surrounded by ranges of lofty but wooded mountains. The river Lahn winds through them, and walks and gardens are on its banks. Further on the heights and woods of Nassau, studded with old grey ruins, and without a sign of population. The visitors are perfectly in unison with the genius loci. Lounging and lackadaisical, they bask on sunny banks or doze in acacia arbors. Some creep to the woods of Nassau, others are rowed down the river, music perpetual. The ladies patronise superb donkeys. There seems an utter void of all thought and energy, and positively in this place even the billiard room and the gambling table are deserted. Above all, no English. The Hamiltons, whom we met again, the only ones. After this account you will perhaps rejoice to hear that we left this fatal and delicious paradise next day at 12, a glorious morning, passed to and through Nassau, the country, if possible, increasing in loveliness. . . . We are all exceedingly well. Have made many acquaintances, chiefly among the military, the governor being perpetually mistaken for a *gendral anglais*. His black stock is grand, and he has long left off powder. . . . Your affectionate Brother,

B. DISRAELI.

HEIDELBERG,
Monday, Aug.
23.

MY DEAR SA,

We arrived at Heidelberg, or, as my father terms it, Heligoland, this morning and received your letter. On Thursday the 19th we left Mainz, crossed again the Rhine, re-entered